

THE GETAWAY

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Listerites evicted to make room for offices



MAN GRAZER
Immortal Stallion King God IV (Sorry, Skip)

Lister Centre residents were shocked yesterday when the University's Ancillary Services informed them they were being evicted from their dorm rooms to make room for more office space—effective immediately.

"It was just sitting down to play some Tetris instead of studying for exams, and these guys in suits came in telling me I had ten minutes to clear the premises," said Lister resident Brian Chulan. "I think I heard screams from some of the other rooms."

Many residents, including Chulan, were shocked not so much that they had to leave Lister, but that they had to leave immediately. According to Provost Camal Amerhime, however, that was unavoidable.

"We really need that office space," Amerhime said calmly. "Or at least we need it a year from now. We had to kick them out now, because if we waited until we needed the space, we would have taken another year to get it ready."

Amerhime pointed out that it was essential that the office space was available, because the University also needed room to store all of its "stuff." Amerhime wouldn't specify what that "stuff" would entail, but he insisted "it's really important stuff."

PLEASE SEE GETTHEHELLOUT • PAGE 4

DON'T MURDER CHILDREN But these guys would. Fortunately, there were no confirmed fatalities as Lister residents were marched onto the street yesterday.

New Powerplant business plan aims to lose as much money as possible

JAYKE WHEDON
Super Nerds Editor

Saying it's time to shift the Powerplant's business plan to reflect what it's best suited for, the Stupid Union has dedicated the campus bar to losing as much money as possible—but the early signs suggest the new direction isn't working as planned.

The "Plant recently underwent renovations geared toward both wasting large sums of money and making the bar as inhospitable as possible for customers, but management has been shocked and dismayed as massive crowds have lined up, sometimes for hours, to spend their money there. As a result, the bar has become more profitable than it's ever been, and there's no sign the revenue growth will slow anytime soon.

"It's just baffling," said Chasin' Gobias, the SU's Vice-President (Operations and Finance). "We were all certain that the new '25 bouncers, one server' policy would drive away the crowds, but regardless of how many random beatings we deliver,

more and more people are coming."

Other changes at the "Plant include replacing all of the furniture with solid-gold replicas with razors sticking out of them, recycling unfinished food and beverages, and turning portions of the building back into an actual power plant, leaving customers to deal with the accompanying noise and industrial waste.

"Mal—guy killed me, Mal. He killed me with a sword. How weird is that?"

MR UNIVERSE

The SU has also turned Dewey's Lounge into a firing range, leading to skyrocketing insurance and customer fatality rates, while the rear of the establishment is now a swim-up bar, though the pool is rarely filled to a depth of more than two feet.

Yet while expenses at the "Plant have increased 20-fold, more custom-

ers spending more money have led to profits of over \$200 000 in the last week alone. But Powerplant manager Davey Jones, who spoke on condition of anonymity, insisted that he never expected the new business plan to be an immediate success, and pledged to continue efforts to maximize financial losses.

"Any time you make major changes to a business, it takes time for customers to adjust," he said, pausing to throw a half-empty bottle of Stella Artois at a random customer.

"Soon, even these rats will come to realize that they shouldn't be here," he added into the bar's microphone.

He did admit that some of the changes were poorly thought out, explaining that the new Powerplant is still a work in progress.

"Our Monday Witch-Burning Night, for instance, proved far more popular than we'd ever imagined, so we've stopped doing that," he said. "It's just a matter of finding out what entertains students, then making the necessary changes to ensure that we avoid that."

PLEASE SEE POWERPLANT • PAGE 4

New Powerplant hopes to make pimpin' easy

SHAVED CHERRY
Immortal Stallion Queen God II

In a surprise move to alleviate the financial troubles of the SU-owned Powerplant last Tuesday, Student's Council unanimously voted to make the Powerplant the only bar in the city to allow smoking—then proceeded to add several other controversial measures designed to turn the struggling bar into a "modern day Sodom and Gomorrah, but with more money" according to Vice-President (Operations and Finance) Chasin' Gobias.

Though the cost of renovations required to put in such necessary components as a cock-fighting ring and rotating, heart-shaped beds are likely to exceed the entire budget of the SU for this year, councilors and the executive alike are optimistic that this new business venture will more than pay for itself.

"We haven't even got started on the brothel, and we're already \$40 000 ahead of the projected annual budget," explained Gobias, casually adjusting a newly purchased 18k gold

ring with imbedded diamonds spelling "SU" on either side. "Smokers and heroin addicts alone would have pushed us into the black this year, but by converting the pool tables into roulette wheels, first-week earnings have succeeded beyond our wildest imaginations."

"Were I unwed, I would take you in a manly fashion... Because you're pretty."

HOBAN "WASH" WASHBURN

The somewhat controversial proposal, which has met with resistance from Edmonton City Council—which has been thoroughly ignored, since the City technically has no jurisdiction over University matters—started rather innocuously, with an innocent referendum question that was originally going to be thrown out.

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Lister residents evicted

Listerites were shocked to be informed that they were being evicted to make room for more office space for admin.

STUFF ON MY CAT, PAGE 1



Pandas told to mate

Scientists are encouraging the Alberta Pandas to mate in order to boost their numbers. They're pretty confused.

SPIZ-TO-DA-T'SORTS, PAGE 10

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Stute 9-04
Stupid Union Building
Multiversity of Centennialberta
E-town, Centennialberta
5:14 159
Avesomophone 780.492.SHUT
Fax 780.492.5090
Electronic post getaway@getawayualberta.ca

slaveboysandgirls

IMMORTAL STALLION KING GOD IV
(SORRY, SKIP) Man Crazer
darnan@getawayualberta.ca | 492.LEEB

IMMORTAL STALLION QUEEN GOD II
Shaved Cherry
manning@getawayualberta.ca | 492.BBKK

SUPER NERDS EDITOR Jayke Whedon
whatneds@getawayualberta.ca | 492.WLLOW

DEBUTANTE EDITOR Blow Fellatio
tetsaidcd@getawayualberta.ca | 492.AIGU

PUBIC HAIR EDITOR Jim An' Steppin'
pre.med@getawayualberta.ca | 492.600C

INAPPROPRIATE Dyke Restocked
arsand@getawayualberta.ca | 492.LOVE

RA-CIAL Steve Nash
someports@getawayualberta.ca | 492.GOLD

ILLITERATE EDITOR Moustache Rides
fohtoh@getawayualberta.ca | 492.PICY

HARRY POTTER EDITOR Irish Tea
hogwarts@getawayualberta.ca | 492.ITCHY

we'reindamoney

HOMOSEXUAL CHICKEN Snuuz
smuuzie@getawayualberta.ca | 492.CASH

LADIES MAN P Cizzy
hececy@getawayualberta.ca | 492.HOTT

MOM Lay-dee Elle
sevenofnine@getawayualberta.ca | 492.PANG

BESTEST PAL Batman Beaumont
hellotag@getawayualberta.ca | 492.dnpu

OTHER BESTEST PAL Gay Tyson
yes.hes.gay@getawayualberta.ca | 492.dnpu



THE GETAWAY is published by a bunch of
sixth-year philosophy students. Except
Tim, he's in the end.

cry baby cry

Comments, concerns, or complaints about the
Getaway's content or operations should be first sent
to the Immortal Stallion King God IV (Snuuz, Bq, q).
You can find him. When he summarily dismisses your
wailing. It may be taken to the Watcher's Council.
beyond that, appeal is to the Powers that Be, but they
are generally unconcerned with such small matters.

download this

All materials appearing in the Getaway are the exclusive
personal property of that creepy guy who lives down
the street. Please don't troll him about this.

disco fever

Options expressed in the pages of the Getaway are
barely opinions at all, but rather shapeless rants that
make us giggle like the schoolchildren we are.

Additionally, the opinions expressed in advertisement
pages in the Getaway are those of the advertiser, and
only so long as the charges keep coming on time.
Peeps gotta eat, y'know?

colonoscopy

The Getaway is created using tags, spice and
everything nice. Adobe In is used for layout. Adobe
Snail is used for vector images, while Adobe Papper Shog
Tag is used for raster images. Magic is used to create
PDF files which are burned directly to your soul. Text is
set in a variety of sizes, styles, and weights of various
fonts you've never heard of. This is, of course, all just a
joke we hope you've enjoyed. Or will, depending on
what point you're reading this at. The Man/doctor is
the Getaway's sister paper who never see anyone
since we moved out. The Getaway's ignored of choice
are Tetriz, Tetris and Tetris.

people chris o'leary
wants to fight

And, John Telt, Sean O'Connell, Reggie Miller,
Cheryl Miller, Ron Jovi, the driver on bus route 239
in Inverness, and Lucas Timmons, Aaron Carter,
Bq-q, and a horse, but only if KATT's fighting basketball
to home racing, man who put pork in our barbeque
chicken pizza when we SPECIFICALLY ASKED FOR
CHOCOLATE.

CAMPUS
GRIME BEAT

Compiled by Amanda Hugginkiss

FALSE ALARM

On Tuesday, 29 November at 5:17pm,
Building Services received a tip that a
toilet in the men's washroom in the
basement of the Tory building was not
flushing. Janitorial staff rushed to the
scene, only to discover that the toilet
was, in fact, flushing properly.

DRY SPELL

Around 10am on Wednesday, 30
November, janitors were dispatched
to the second floor of the Engineering
Teaching and Learning Complex to deal
with a report of an under-watered fern.
They arrived to discover that the plant
had very nearly died out, estimating
that it hadn't been watered in nearly two
months. Water was administered, and
staff on the floor were given instructions
in maintaining proper soil moisture, but
it's unknown if the plant will survive.

ONE BIG POOP

On Thursday, 1 December at approxi-
mately 3pm, the grime beat sent a call

out to all members that there was a
potential flood in the male washroom
on the first floor of Rutherford Library
North. There was significant concern
that the University's large store of books
would be destroyed by water, so a team
of seven members—the best in flood
prevention—met in the washroom
minutes later. Luckily, no water had yet
flowed over the edge of the clogged
toilet that was causing concern, and
after a bit of plunging, disaster was
averted.

MISSION, SUCCESS!

Around 5:30pm on Friday, 2 December,
grime fighters in the Stupid Union
Building were notified of a suspicious
stain on a couch in the Alumni Room.
Luckily, the brownish 'stain' had not yet
set into the material. Janitorial staff set
up a perimeter around the couch and the
spot was treated with stain-remover. Ten
minutes later, it was wiped clean, leaving
the couch good as new.

NUTTY ATTACK

On Friday, 2 December, around 2pm,
building services staff in HUB mall were
notified of a substantial spill in front of
Cookies by George. Apparently, a student
had been walking in the wrong
direction down the mall, causing a group
of people who had just purchased their
coffee to fall over in a domino effect.
Coffee flew everywhere, leaving several
puddles in the vicinity. After the rush
of students heading to class subsided,
the clean-up crew took to the floors with
mops. The area is now clean.

PUDDLE EMERGENCY

On Monday, 5 December at 10:50am,
Building Services staff in HUB mall were
notified of a substantial spill in front of
Cookies by George. Apparently, a student
had been walking in the wrong
direction down the mall, causing a group
of people who had just purchased their
coffee to fall over in a domino effect.
Coffee flew everywhere, leaving several
puddles in the vicinity. After the rush
of students heading to class subsided,
the clean-up crew took to the floors with
mops. The area is now clean.

PARTY IN THE CAN

On Monday, 5 December at 9:45pm,
janitorial staff in SUB received a report

of unusual activity in the women's wash-
room on the second floor. Having only
males on staff at the time, a team of two
supervising janitors knocked on the wash-
room door to announce their arrival but
all they heard was high-pitched giggles
followed by loud water splashes. After a
brief debate over the perversion of two
men entering a women's washroom, the
grime fighters decided that it was their
duty to follow up on the complaint.

They entered the facility only to be
faced with a group of 15 girls brushing
their teeth. The girls had been evicted
that morning from their residence in
Lister Hall and had planned to have a
slumber party in the washroom, bringing
pillows, blankets and a boom box,
which they explained was for a late
night dance party. The girls were asked
to remove their belongings from the
washroom and they complied, relocating
to the couches on the first floor of
SUB under the pretense of studying.

FALSE ALARM II

Around 10:30pm on Monday,
5 December, janitors in SUB observed
what they believed to be a burnt-out light
bulb in the basement. They obtained a
replacement bulb, but when they went
to change it, it was determined that the
original bulb was still working; the power
had simply been shut off.

GREETERS

The provincial government is in the midst of a multi-decade review of postsecondary education that they swear is expected to be finished any freakin' day now.

What do you think Alberta's new tuition policy should look like?



Harold Harvey
Wal-Mart II



Bubba Daniels
Wal-Mart IV



Betty-Lou Brown
Wal-Mart VII



Doug Snell
Wal-Mart XXIV

I don't know anything about it; I'm
unaware of the postsecondary education
policies. However, with Wal-Mart's
Every Day Low Prices, you can still afford
to buy shower curtains regardless of
how much money you're paying for tuition.

Hello, would you like a sticker? ... Umm,
I'm not supposed to talk to you about
anything besides our Every Day Low
Prices. I don't want to get into trouble.
Here, have another sticker. Would you
like a cart?

Actually, I think the Government's policies
here are quite good. While we don't
have an oil-based social state like that
of Norway, I think the postsecondary
review is a good step towards that. The
dedication to postsecondary education
is good, and I would rather they took
their time and made a real difference
than have some sort of harebrained
scheme like when the Social Credit
party decided to fix our financial woes
by printing money.

Hey, the U of A! I went there. I got a
Masters in Fine Arts there!

Compiled and photographed by Irish Tea and Hoban Washburne

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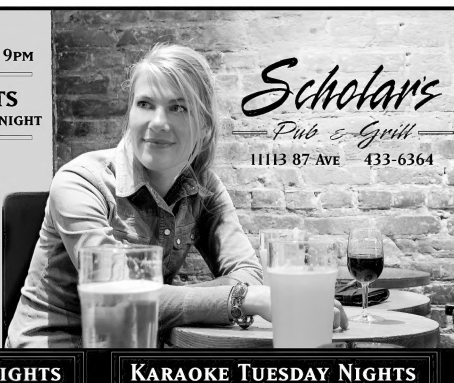
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MUSIC TRIVIA SUNDAY NIGHTS

KARAOKE TUESDAY NIGHTS



Ag/For student submits referendum question seeking his own execution

JAYKE WHEDON
Super Nerds Editor

Students' Council has approved a petition question submitted by Ag/For student Krister Bones that could see students voting on the execution of Ag/For student Krister Bones in the Stupid Union election in March.

Council had originally rejected the proposed question on the grounds that it was "absurd, wrong-headed, and kind of creepy, if you think about it," but Bones appealed that decision to DIE Board, which ruled that none of those were legitimate grounds for rejection. Council was ordered to reconsider the question based solely on whether it met Jones' intent, which he insisted it did.

"Council would have had us believe that magical forest fairies came in the night to insert clauses into the bylaws that just aren't there," said Bones. "But there are no such things as magical forest fairies, so DIE Board made the only reasonable decision."

However, Council Speaker Dreg Barlow expressed dismay at the decision. He had argued that it was important for Council to have the ability to do whatever the hell it wants, and that

there are indeed such things as magical forest fairies.

"As nice as it would be if Krister weren't around to waste our time anymore, we can't let him waste our time before that happens. This is taking time away from serious issues, like lowering quorum again so we can keep having meetings," said Barlow. "Besides, the whole thing is just bloody creepy. Seriously."

"There's a little problem with our entry sequence; we may experience slight turbulence and then explode."

CAPTAIN MALCOLM REYNOLDS

The question approved by Council reads, "Do you support the execution of Krister Bones, by means of throwing him off of the Stupid Union Building as many times as necessary, to be committed by the student who wins a karaoke contest held for the purpose of determining the executioner?"

Bones admitted that his actions are somewhat strange, but defended them as a matter of principle. He said that while he doesn't personally support his own execution, he believes that students have the right to debate the issue.

"I may not support this, and Council may be split, but I've definitely heard some interest in the question from the student body," said Bones. "It's important to remember that I wasn't asking Council to approve my execution, or even to put the matter on the ballot; I just want students to have the opportunity to decide, through the petition process, whether they want to vote on my death."

Bones is now collecting signatures on the petition, and with over two months left until the signatures must be submitted, he's already collected enough signatures to put the question on the ballot as a non-binding plebiscite, and he's hopeful that he'll end up with more than enough to make it a binding referendum.

Bones said that if no one else volunteers, he'd consider running the "Yes" campaign during the election, although he's worried that if he does, his every action up to this point will be considered pre-campaigning.

GAY transmitted through semen: study

Research shows overwhelming majority of men exposed to semen have GAY

HOMO FODIO
Heterosexual Editor

If the prospect of receiving semen in your anus seems unappealing, following your instincts could likely help prevent you from catching "the GAY," a condition characterized by an overwhelming tendency for a male to engage in sexual activities with other members of his own gender.

A recent study conducted by Multiversity of Centennialberta researchers has shown that GAY—also known by its scientific name, "homosexuality"—is present in 98 per cent of men who receive semen anally from a man with the condition, which the researchers say proves that GAY is transmitted through semen.

"It has long been suspected that male-on-male sex was a result of homosexuality, but this study actually proves that GAY comes first and can be transmitted from one person to the next," said Dr DP Banger, lead researcher in the study, made possible by a centennial grant from the Centennialberta government.

Banger added that receiving semen orally carries a slightly lower risk at 86 per cent, while contact with the skin is significantly less risky at 38 per cent.

Scientists at John Hopkins University had previously isolated a gene that leads to homosexuality in human males. However, Banger said his research suggests that something in male semen causes a chemical to activate these gay genes. Signs that men have been affected include an overwhelming enthusiasm for Kylie Minogue music, increased aptitude in baking and a strong desire to have sex with other men.

"Putting these two pieces research together, we're able to show that GAY is a dormant characteristic present in all men, and that it's awakened by contact with semen. However, the exact chemical pathway that causes such activation is still unknown at this point," said Banger. "That will be the



COMING OUT GAY If you take semen in the ass, you'll likely turn out to be gay.

next step of our research."

Further research is also required to determine why women don't seem to develop homosexuality from contact with male semen, even when received in the anal cavity, an aspect that puzzled Banger.

"Well, personally, I kind of want to slay the dragon."

ANGEL

GAY is non-lethal but generally permanent, though many affected men live otherwise normal, healthy lives. Banger explained, however, that the behavioural effects caused by insemination diminish gradually over time, and largely disappear after strict avoidance of semen for three years.

The Catholic Church is confident enough in this theory that even its strict quarantine rules for GAY affected male to become priests after the three-year period, providing these "transitory homosexuals" pledge to continue

avoiding semen. Banger, though, has his doubts.

"Abstinence of anal sex between men has been shown to drastically decrease the intensity of GAY over the years, but there have also been frequent reports of reoccurring symptoms," Banger said. "The research on 'curing' GAY is still highly controversial."

There is worry among some prominent organizations that an apparent increase in the number of men with GAY will ultimately lead to the extinction of the human race, as there will be less and less male-female sex occurring, contributing to a decline in the birthrate. According to Banger, however, this fear is unfounded; he says previous research suggests that while the number of reported cases of GAY has increased sharply since the 1980s, the actual number of cases has remained relatively stable.

Banger's next round of research will try to explain the existence of a notable minority of men with GAY—estimated to be anywhere from five to 20 per cent of affected men—who have never been in contact with male sperm.



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Ex-Listerites are pretty much screwed now

Useless protest an utter failure, just like always

GET THE HELL OUT • CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Lister Student's Association President Simon Hasselhoff was livid at the actions of the U of A Administration, and vowed to swing the support of the general student population in his favour and force the University to change its decision.

"Well, you can't."

CAPTAIN MALCOLM REYNOLDS

"Am I the only one who sees an issue with kicking 3412 students out on the street in the middle of the winter? I mean, we'll probably die of frostbite," Hasselhoff said in a huff. "The administration has overstepped its bounds slightly on this one."

However, due to distractions such as the Christmas season and exams, and the fact that he had only five minutes to rally support, Hasselhoff was unable to stop the exodus of his wards out of the building.

Afterwards, he lamented his failure. "You know, the five minute thing was tough, but I really think it was

because students were just so wrapped up with exams," he said, pausing to watch his breath fade away. "Speaking of which, I need to get back to studying for my chem final."

It isn't all doom and gloom for Lister former residents, though. Amerhime said there's a comprehensive plan in place for dealing with the newly homeless.

"We plan to offer them accommodations sleeping under the beds of Newton residents and in the homes of the students with children in Michener Park," he said. "It's not an ideal situation, but staff have been crammed into small rooms like sardines for years now, so really, it's students' turn."

Amerhime noted that with renovations already underway at Lister, there is no chance of the decision being reversed, and suggested that the students "get over themselves."

"If these students can't accept their situation and move on, perhaps they should just go home and cry themselves to sleep," he said.

"Or rather, they should find homes, then go there and cry themselves to sleep."

Stupid Union dedicated to pissing away money

Gobias: 'We shall go on to the end. We shall fight in France and on the seas and oceans, and lose'

FAILLURES • CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Many of the new patrons couldn't explain what attracted them to the bar, while the explanations of those who could were largely unintelligible over the Raffi music that now blares at 150 decibels throughout the Powerplant's business hours. But several of those lined up around the block to get in had nothing but praise for the new "Plant."

"It's, like, po-mo, and stuff," said one suit-and-t-shirt-clad customer who refused to identify himself. "It's all about the rejection of the tired old stereotypes of 'customer service' and 'criminal negligence.' And no one thinks gold furniture is cool anymore, so the gold furniture is pretty cool."

Tobias said all of the unwanted profits would go toward continued efforts to reduce profits, but he admitted that there's only so much more that can

be done, leading him to worry about what to do if money keeps coming in.

"I'm gonna ask you to go out with me tomorrow night. And I'm kinda nervous about it, actually. It's interesting."

DANIEL "OZ" OSBOURNE

"We're making back-up plans just in case, but our first priority is making the Powerplant a non-success," he said. "If all this money keeps coming in, we'll probably have to blow it out helping students pay for their tuition, and I don't think anyone wants that."

I'll build my own bar—with blackjack, and hookers: Gobias

Administration, councilors, and pretty much everyone whose opinion is worth considering solidly behind new drug brothel idea

SINNERS • CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

"Kristen Bones sent forth a question—along with, like, 43 others—suggesting that, in order to get back in the black, the 'Plant' should revert back to a smoking establishment, since City bylaws don't apply on the University," explained President Graham Cracker. "At first, we figured it was joke, like the one about being required to wear these heads and speak in Pig Latin while in Council Chambers, but [Vice-President (External)] Spam Powder, who walked in late, figured we were seriously debating the issue, and said she was all for it. The way she argued, it all seemed to make sense."

From accepting smoking, the rest of the changes snowballed as

councilors realized just how much money could be made off sin and vice. Law Councilor Kyle Kawasaki gave a passionate speech about a problem-gambler uncle who was forced to re-mortgage his house to clear his gambling debts, noting that the uncle had "dropped \$25,000 into bar VLTs, at least." Arts councilor Cataan Buggeroff noted that clean-injection sites in Vancouver had been proven to reduce crime, and that if the bar were to sell heroin along with clean needles, users could provide a reliable source of revenue due to the crushing withdrawal and empty social lives that inevitably result from use of the life-destroying drug.

"I'm actually pretty sure [Science



88 MILES PER HOUR By the Great Prophet Charlie Chaplin, I do believe these folks are travelling through time.

NEWSIES' TIGHTY WHITES

Compiled by magical faeries

U OF A SCIENTISTS INVENT TIME MACHINE TOMORROW

University of Alberta administrators and researchers alike celebrated as they found out yesterday that the University's Advanced Theoretical Physics team has perfected a time machine tomorrow. The news was delivered by a future version of Physics professor Dr William Hartnell, who appeared as if out of thin air in his own office and told himself the good news.

"I thought we were getting close, but obviously I had no idea that I was going to discover the hidden wormholes in the fifth dimension that make time travel possible tomorrow," explained Dr Hartnell. "If someone had showed up yesterday and said 'You've discovered time travel,' I definitely wouldn't have believed them. The fact the person who showed up was me, though—well, it's hard to dispute that."

Concerns have been raised about the ethics of time travel, including the possibility that time travellers might irrevocably alter the fabric of reality as we know it. For instance, argues one expert, the very fact Dr Hartnell has told himself he's invented time travel may preclude him from ever inventing time travel, meaning that he couldn't come back

and tell himself that he's invented time travel, which he obviously already will.

"That's a logical paradox I don't even want to think about," said Philosophy professor Dr Sylvester McCoy. "I probably couldn't even if I wanted to, actually."

Dr Hartnell dismissed concerns that time travellers might alter history, explaining that strict controls and ethical guidelines would ensure the spacetime continuum remained unaltered.

"This is simply neo-Ludite scare-mongering," scoffed Hartnell with a roll of his third eye. "The wise and powerful Prophet Charlie Chaplin, peace be upon him, would never allow such a terrible thing to happen to his chosen people. Stereok high notun ordium fash."

MARK WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO US

A man named Mark has some information and would like to speak to us, the Getaway has learned.

In a series of phone messages, Mark stressed both that he considered it important that we speak to him as soon as possible, and that his name is Mark.

"Hi, my name is Mark," he said in one of the messages. "I'm hoping to talk to one of your editors, so hopefully you can call me back. This is Mark."

The Getaway has failed to reach Mark in several attempts, but his most recent phone message contained more information.

"This is Mark again," he said. "Have you seen the website? What would you like to know? Call me back as soon as you can. My name is Mark."

As of press time, the Getaway had not seen the website.

U OF A GENIUS INVENTS COLD FUSION BETWEEN CLASSES

Mere days after the announcement that Boston Chowderly is the U of A's latest Rhodes scholar, the ridiculously talented specimen has outdone himself yet again by discovering cold fusion.

Cold fusion is a nuclear reaction that, unlike normal nuclear fusion reaction and much like Chowderly himself, can generate energy without waste or harmful side effects.

Though the concept of cold fusion has been batted about in science fiction, it was believed to be impossible until Chowderly arrived to show the physics world where it's at.

"I'm so excited! I am absolutely just totally blown away. To be completely honest, this is something that we always talked about and always hoped for. But to actually invent cold fusion, a clean form of nuclear energy that doesn't produce radioactive waste, this is pretty awesome," said Chowderly.

"The president of the University called me at my home and Paul Martin took time away from his campaign trail to congratulate me," he said. "I also got a couple of death threats from somebody from Fort McMurray. But that's to be expected when you invent an energy source that replaces petroleum."

Though Chowderly admitted that this might very well be the pinnacle of his career, he said he still plans to continue scientific research.

"I've actually been wanting to rediscover alchemy. I'm convinced that we can create gold out of mercury and lead. Maybe I'll try that out next."

"You're gonna help me because every second you're with me is a chance to turn the tables, get the better of me, and it's the only chance your sister has. Maybe you'll find your moment."

JUBAL EARLY

"Though some of our ethics professors have expressed reservations, the

large number of functional nihilists and atheist postmodern wanks that populate the philosophy department are all for creating a barren den of sin and inequity in the heart of campus," explained Amerhime as a young woman explored his genital area. "And we're already exploring the option of giving free tuition to students willing to work in the brothel, so long as all profits are split evenly between the SU and the University."

Cracker explained that details involving the chance to turn man for sport still needed to be ironed out—including who, exactly, will be hunted—but added that the University could "probably lose a couple pharmacy students without much complaint."

Devil dances into TWU presidency

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTIN
Marian Canale

LANGLEY, BC (CUNK)—Both students and faculty at Trinity Western University were shocked and terrified yesterday when, only a week after the University's Board of Governors voted to allow dancing on campus, Satan was named the new president of the Christian school.

The controversial announcement has been seen by many as strong evidence for the arguments of those who opposed lifting the ban on dancing, though even the most vocal anti-dance advocates were surprised to be proven so decisively right so quickly.

"I knew we were heading down a slippery slope, but I had no idea it would be that slippery," said sophomore theology student Mark Matthew, an opponent of on-campus dancing, as one of Beelzebub's demons stuck a red-hot poker through his shoulder. "This is what dancing has brought us to."

"Aaaaaaahhh! Please, make it stop," he added.

Many students attempted to transfer to another school following the announcement, though very few had completed their moves prior to Lucifer being officially installed into office in a rushed, torch-lit ceremony last night. It is unclear whether any more students will be able to transfer, especially given the "Demon Border Patrol" that was announced as a central feature of the new president's policies.

For his part, the Prince of Darkness said He understood the opposition of many to His hiring, but insisted that they had nothing to fear from His administration. Speaking at a lavish, mandatory ceremony that included

free apples for students and staff, He struck a conciliatory tone in hopes of gaining the support of those present.

"Of course there will be changes, but at a fundamental level, this will still be TWU. This will still be a religious university," He said. "All that will change is a few minor details."

"Bunnies aren't just cute like everybody supposes; they've got them hoppy legs and twitchy little noses. And what's with all the carrots? What do they need such good eyesight for, anyway?"

THE FUTURE MRS ANYA CRISTINA
EMMANUELA JENKINS HARRIS

While all of TWU's current faculties and departments will remain in place—Mephistopheles even noted that He may increase support for the theology department—there will likely be changes to the way they're run. For instance, there will be changes to the wording of the prayers at official events, and all textbooks not written by Anton LaVey will be subject to the Dark Lord's personal approval. The school will also institute mandatory courses in break-dancing for male students and strip-teases for female students in time for next term.

As well, the school's Responsibilities of Membership (ROM) will be slightly modified to reflect the new administration. For instance, the terms "God"

or "Jesus" will be replaced with "Satan" in most instances, while the new president will personally edit the ROM for clarity. For instance, a passage demanding that students "observe biblical principles for marriage and sexual relationships" will now encourage them to "exercise their free will and remember to use a condom, unless it would be inconvenient."

TWU's Board of Governors has also approved in principle a policy that would see any female students who remain virgins at graduation sacrificed at the altar of the president.

"It's absolutely my intention to make this transition as smooth as possible," said the Devil, who intends to continue in his old position as Overlord of Hades in addition to His new duties. "I think the fact that dancing is already allowed here will help with that, quite frankly, so taking the job was an easy choice."

At other points in His address, however, Belial signaled more of a hard-line approach to His new job, particularly after several students were injured in a stampede during a failed attempt to escape from His demonic presence.

"You have spilled the blood of the innocents," He said. "Now begins two million years of Darkness!" He refused to elaborate on the cryptic remarks.

Most faculty members fled in apparent horror when asked for comment, but one unintelligibly-named philosophy professor seemed excited by the changes in store as he was introduced to the new president. "I'll do anything you want," he said. "Burn Bibles, sacrifice goats, anything I await your command, Master."

As of press time, Jesus Christ had not been reached for comment.

WHINING DE MONTRÉAL

Compiled by Jayke Whedon and Irish Tea

MCGILL REMOVES MUSLIM PRAYER FIELD

MONTRÉAL (CUNK)—The Muslim Students' Association (MSA) at McGill is threatening to sue the University after the field they had been praying in since last spring was removed yesterday, leaving a large hole in the middle of campus.

MSA members, who've prayed in the field since being evicted from an indoor prayer space in May, were outraged when bulldozers and diggers arrived without warning during their morning prayer.

"Seriously, this is getting ridiculous," said MSA President Nafay Ali. "We're being humiliated. It's really hard to concentrate on prayer when the ground is being torn out from beneath you."

McGill's administration denied the MSA's charges that its actions were motivated by a seething hatred of all things not "pure laine," claiming that the school is simply looking out for the interests of the student body as a whole.

"They're looking for special privileges," said McGill Principal Helter Skelter-Boom. "This giant hole is something that students of all faiths, or no faith, can enjoy and try not to fall into between classes."

She added that the administration has offered to assist the MSA in finding a field off-campus to pray in.

Mosh Pittsburgh, the McGill Weekly

NEW STUDENTS AT UBC LEADS TO PROTESTS AT CONCORDIA

MONTRÉAL (CUNK)—Armed with gonks, flutes, and magic wands, a large group of Concordia University students staged a demonstration last week to protest the opening of a new Starbucks at the University of British Columbia.

The protest was organized by the

Concordia Stupid Union and held at its own office, since it's located five provinces away from UBC. The protesters' main point of contention over the new Starbucks was with the lack of consultation with the CSU before its opening.

"The CSU feels very strongly about corporations and their presence on campuses, and our voice wasn't heard," said VP (Whining) Katrina Catrall.

Starbucks spokesman Bobbing Sockets said the company had consulted with students, but admitted that the CSU was not included. He also said Starbucks is a socially conscious company, but Catrall was unconvinced.

"They say they support community involvement and all those things, but they haven't supported anything in Montréal that I've seen," she said.

Tracing Vitamin, the Dink

MCGILL JANITORIAL SEASON OUT

SHORT OVER HAZING CONTROVERSY

MONTRÉAL (CUNK)—A rookie janitor at McGill University has filed a sexual abuse complaint following an alleged hazing incident, prompting the school to disband their entire janitorial team this year. The complainant has resigned, while the remaining staff is under internal inquiry. Six janitors were banned from the team for life.

An anonymous source shed some light on the practice and the events that allegedly transpired in August during a "rookie initiation night."

The source said the six suspended janitors brought the rookies into the food court, forced them to expose their buttocks, and threatened to sodomize the rookies with a football they nicknamed "Dr. Fútbol." He added that the sodomy was not actually carried out, though there have been conflicting reports.

"They poke you on the cheek, that's it," said the source. "We would never penetrate someone's anus with Dr. Fútbol; that would be really funny. I mean, wrong."

America Weird, the McGill Weekly

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Getaway the last bastion of journalistic integrity. We don't miss anything. Since we're so important, it's a little strange that our heating and ventilation is so shitty. God I'm cold. Why is it always so cold in here? I think somebody stole my scarf. Probably one of those fuckers I have to work with. I see them looking at me. They think I don't, but I do. All the time looking, and whispering. I wonder what they're saying. They won't stop with my scarf. I know they won't. They keep whispering. What? Kill them? I know they took my scarf. Fuckers. It's so cold.

Duceppe clearly a Nazi

THE RAINBOW TROUT
The Editor of *Swimming Free and Proud*

AARON, BROTHER OF MOSES
Leader of the Israelites

Regarding Jenny Benny's 23 November letter, "I ain't no holla

And don't even try to make the joke:
I'll fuck her even if she's dead.

Get your mind out of the gutter, Ashy

You can't put 'penis' as a headline and assume it'll work. We have standards



CLUTUS
VAN HAUTEN

It's exam time, and, after having tried fruitlessly—again—to find an open desk in any of our libraries at which I might study, a simple fact has pressed itself upon me: university would be much better if it weren't for you.

Now before you jump to conclusions and write an overblown, anal-retentive letter threatening to have me charged for hate crimes for even suggesting such a thing, let me explain. I don't mean you in particular. I have nothing against you. For all I know you're a dedicated student and an upright person. You probably visit the elderly and masturbate infrequently (unrelatedly, of course). So I don't mean you specifically. I mean all of you—the entire campus body. Collectively, you're something I can do without. I hope you've put your pen down.

If there's one thing my mother taught me, it's that the most important person in the world. I have needs and, if the world is to carry on in its merry course, they must be met. That bed sure as shit didn't make itself all those years, and despite the advanced state of our textile indus-

tries, my socks and underwear didn't wash themselves, either. So, in order for all of you to understand why your presence is so irksome, you must first understand the burdensome effects you have on my daily campus activities.

**The Tony Danza:
during sex, the male
asks, "Who's the boss?"
with the expectation
being that the female
will respond, "You
are[, Daddy]." The
male then proceeds to
slap the female with
his penis, exclaiming,
"Wrong! Tony Danza's
the boss!"**

It starts on the streets. Not only do you drive frustratingly slow, but you insist on doing insane things like stopping for amber lights, pedestrians and off-loading school buses. At the University itself, you greedily snap up the closest and most convenient parking spots—spots that I could use. And when I honk or swerve at you, you have the gall to give me dirty looks, as though I were in the wrong!

Inside my buildings, you idle in

the hallways like stagnant swine, and then selfishly gobble up the best spots at the front and the back of the lecture hall as though you were the only ones that wanted them. I then have to crawl over your disgusting, sweaty, meat-sack bodies just to get a seat! During the lecture you interrupt my conversation with the professor to ask some mindless question, or to inquire about the "lesson plan," while rolling your eyes, as though paying for the class somehow gave you a voice.

Between classes you hog the bathrooms stalls and urinals as though the satisfaction of your own organs were the only thing that mattered. Worse are the disgusting sounds you make, flapping and clattering in the next stall. Appalling. My day is made still worse by the legions of you that occupy our campus' fine food courts, unnecessarily protracting my wait times in your lust for something to cram into your insatiable gullets.

Finally, when roving through the stacks of books found in our fine libraries, in order to better educate myself, I find that many of the ones I might like to have are in fact taken! That in a library with hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of books, the specific ones that I require are commandeered by the eager, greasy hands of the rabble is inexcusable. My time at this University is limited and precious. My mother was right. You should be ashamed of yourselves.

Some salient and timely political messages

Idolatry's underrated. My Nesquik bottle is the provider of all good things



GALLIBO
GALLIBO

Stephen Harper, the current leader of the Opposition and aspiring prime minister, has started us on the road to an election. As part of his platform, he's loudly announced that he'll be hard on soft drugs, and stiff with sodomy. What he's been conspicuously quiet about, however, is witches.

Questions about witches are rarely put to Mr Harper, and he has still more rarely been heard to answer them. But several weeks ago, caught within his handlers and thinking he was off the record, he was heard to say, "[Witches are a serious problem. It's not a problem I take lightly; it's not a problem Canadians should take lightly. Crops are being blasted, milk is being soured, we've had a few bad storms around my hometown—my own daughter threw up 20 sewing needles last week. Canadians should be concerned. And the Liberal government has done nothing about it!"]

Strong words. Strong words that show us several things about this would-be prime minister: he and his party are several hundred years behind the times; he is possibly in league with Satan, or the "Prince of Darkness," as some fondly refer to him; if neither of those, then witches, not gay marriage or private healthcare, is his hidden agenda. As witches have for several hundred years been known to be responsible for most of the afflictions of mankind, this could prove to be the decisive issue of the upcoming election.

Each of these points merits some consideration. That the Conservative party is behind the times, despite the youthful comportment of Stockwell Day and the hip, party-guy mien of Stephen Harper, is indisputable. They go to church, like guns and think a thriving economy is the solution to climate change. I'll move on.

The evidence that the Conservatives are using the power of Satan to win the upcoming election seems overwhelming. That Stephen Harper has never publicly been seen to sink when immersed in water, to bleed when pricked with a pin or to weigh more than a Bible when placed on a scale is telling. More sinister still, key Conservative members have often been heard referring to Mr Harper, or to the party as a whole, as the devil, saying, "Sometimes Canadians prefer the devil they know over the devil they don't know," and then adding, "[He might be Satan; he might not.] He also has creepy lips.

On the other hand, according to

**THE SATIN
TEABAG**

Our system of crime and punishment is remarkably blunt. To cover the entire spectrum of sins, wrongs and iniquities that we enact upon each other, the law has a few tools—imprisonment, fines or mandatory community service.

This is clearly insufficient. There are some wrongs, to one's pride or reputation, for instance, for which adequate redress cannot be found in these dull implements. Something that more precisely corresponds to the nature of

an unreliable poll I've just found on the Internet, some 57 per cent of Canadians believe that Stephen Harper and the Conservative party are keeping their more controversial plans under wraps. As reinstituting witch-hunts and public burnings would certainly be controversial, it then logically follows that this is part of their hidden agenda.

Which trials were responsible for the needless deaths of thousands of people. A return to those methods would be a return to the Dark Ages. That Stephen Harper and the Conservative party have failed to make clear their position, and indeed have carefully avoided any public mention of this issue, is worrisome. More worrisome still, perhaps, is the very real prospect that the Conservatives are allied with the forces of Lucifer, the Father of Lies, in a bid to control our very government. In either case, come election time, the witch issue should make your choice clear—vote anything but Conservative. They're evil.

the crime is necessary.

Few things can heal social wounds like touching your bare scrotum to the forehead of the unsuspecting offender—the sweet satin teabag.

This first satin teabagging, of what I hope will be many, is given to that skank in high school who slept with my best friend. So shut your eyes, and don't mind the flashes. This time, you ho, my nuts rest several inches higher.

CLARENCE EDISON

The Satin Teabag is an irregular feature where a person or group who deserves to have a scrotum rest on their face is ridiculed in print. No teabags are actually administered.

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Their tits would probably get in the way—and they'd sure be distracting

I take it all back, Fred. Tits are great.



SAM
PICKINS

He said

Mornin' Fred. Now Fred, my boy, if there's one issue that's of real concern these days, it's fires. More specifically, the fighting of fires. And still more specifically, who we let fight those fires. Here's one thing I know: it shouldn't be women.

Now, at first glance, you might think I'm a sexist bastard for saying so. But women are naturally bad drivers. There are lots of statistics out there to prove it. And, unless the trucks come equipped with GPS navigational systems, there's no electronic. Firefighters have to actually make it to the fires to fight them, after all. It's bad enough when women are stalling and panicking behind the wheel of their own little beetles and sunfires, but have them lose control of a 10 000kg firetruck moving at 80 kph with the right blinker on while the man beside them screams, "Oh God now, your other left!" and you've got a good strike against them.

And those rigs don't have power steering, either. It's a well-known fact that women have disproportionately weak muscles and small shoulders. Even if they could somehow learn the rules of the road and not get lost on the way, they'd still never be able to master that unruly beast. And if they were in the middle of an inferno, and had a dying fat man to carry out, they probably couldn't do that, either. With such small shoulders, he'd probably roll off of her, and then they'd both die. It'd be her fault, too. The fire department would probably have to give compensation to her family. That's what the lawyers call a "liability."

And, despite their past sexual experiences, they'd also likely be unable to handle the hose. Put a tiny woman with weak arms and small shoulders at the end of a long, stiff, writhing tube pumping out 300 litres of fluid per minute, and you've got a problem bigger than her obvious inability to control it—there's your men's morale to think about. That's intimidating.

Last, we see that the camaraderie and latent homosexual desire found in most firehouses would be disturbed and endangered by the presence of a woman. Naked showers, late-night pillow talk across the bunk-hall, hot (heterosexual) oil massages and suggestive touching of the firepole would all be made awkward and uncomfortable in the presence of a woman.

Yes, Fred, I think I've made it clear: the only fires women should be fighting are in the oven.



NICE TITS Now go make your man a sandwich.

Tits are great, Sam. I wish I had some in my hands right now.



FRED
MJAZZ

What he said ... but different

Mornin' Sam. I couldn't agree with you more: fires are definitely an area of concern. Of equal concern to me is the issue of women firefighters, and how misguided you are.

You say that women (hereafter referred to as "broads," or "dames") wouldn't be able to handle heavy objects, such as fat men and the girth of the fire hose. Not true—there are always men around who can help these women.

Broads bring a unique element to the firefighters' workplace that shouldn't be overlooked. The fire hall, long considered a man's domain, by now must be in need of a tremendous cleaning. Dame firefighters, with their natural abilities around the home, could hop to this task. Beyond that, male firefighters would no longer be glum about having to work through the holidays anymore. With a woman firefighter on staff during Easter, Thanksgiving and Christmas, it's a safe bet that everyone who had the fortune of getting to work the holidays would be well fed, and would feel cared for during what is normally a depressing time to be at work. Happy firefighters put out fires faster than sad ones. Everybody wins.

The presence of a broad around a fire hall would also be a morale boost to the men, who may dress up, and work harder to put fires out, in order to impress her. If word gets around the hall that said woman employee is known to be a little promiscuous when drunk, even better. Who doesn't like to get laid? Communists and terrorists, that's who.

Finally, the issue of driving: as long as women firefighters are hired in moderation, the Utopian setting that currently exists in this male-dominated profession won't be threatened. Of course women can't drive. That's a given. What they can do, however, is nag. With this considered, as long as the men make the woman hang on to the outer extremities of the truck while it's in motion, refusing to let her and her overbearing ways into the cab of the firetruck, everyone would be happy.

Something else to consider: that time of the month. There's a lot a man can learn from a broad when she's hormonal because of her period. They can take these tips home to their wives. Once again, everyone wins.

Women have an undeniable place in this world, Sam. Not only can they tend to fires of the oven, they deserve a chance to put out the fires that threaten our lives—it's only when the fires spread to our loins that we have to send them home.



gateway student journalism society

STUDENT-AT-LARGE REQUIRED

The Gateway Student Journalism Society (GSJS) requires a student-at-large from the University community to serve on its board of directors for the term ending 30 April, 2006.

Applicants must be U of A undergraduate students and may not be members of Students' Council, General Faculties Council, Board of Governors, or the Senate of the University of Alberta.

If you are interested, please submit a brief note (no more than 400 words) on what makes you a good candidate for this position no later than noon on Monday, 9 January, 2006 to the Chair of the GSJS board. Submissions can be made by e-mail to admin@gatewayjournalism.ca, or through the campus mail to Adam Rosenblatt, c/o Gateway Student Journalism Society, 3-04 SUB.

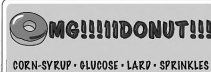
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Got out from the team
because you're really
fucking fat, FATTY?

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Forsooth, yon tripe which doth follow beest both confusyng and moderne



HOT
LIBRALS

The locale town criers and pamphlets of news had best be filled with shame o'er their coverage of the believed "Blackie Death" threat. Upon every sight upon which these mightist layeth thine sight on, thou art accosted by sensationalized warnings of a grave epidemic that stands ready to cast our merrie England in to the torturous depths of damnation. In sooth, it hath become of such a troublesome nature that thou canst not any longer even venture out and take enjoyment in a public whipping.

How much concern shalt we display o'er this, the Bubonic Plague? Methinks 'twould be best to query such a sentiment. These doomsayers, or "medical authorities," as they are wont to be called, spread a type of fatal plague which is verily different—one of misinformation and untroths. They we inform that rats and fleas are the primary vessels of this disease, and will prove to be our Judas betrayer.

Marry, this is complete bull-his. We have been living on terms intimate with flea and rats now hundreds of years, and hath not yet to be afflicted with any ailment of such "Blackie Death." Their assertion be that the one meet way to prevent the swell of this illness is to purge our hovels of these pests. Sluce the walkways of London of these niggly vermin? We might as well be implored to halt casting our vile pigments on the street, or start taking bi-annual baths—o'er-reactive propositions of themselves.

If pitching the bodies of those recently pass'd in to our drinkyng

"Went he forth to find at fall of night/that haughty house, and heed wherever/the Ring-Danes, outrevelled, to rest had gone./Found within it the atheling band/asleep after feasting and fearless of sorrow,/of human hardship. Unhallowed wight,/grim and greedy, he grasped betimes ..."

water stores be-est of good wysdom for our forefathers, it shalt be sufficient for our own needs.

There art those rapscallions who would to press upon us that the Blackie Death has been an affair of monumental bad consequence for our European kin. But in sooth, to what ill effect has the malice done across the Channel? Death lurking in Italy and the Spanish lands? Also, the scourge has found purchase in Portugal, I shalt concede. Russia, methinks, hath dealings with this illness, but of no outstanding consequence. Scandinavia, in addition. That be all. Art these happenings severe enough to present a justification for our continued dread?

Also, China, Belgium, The Netherlands, the Byzantine Empire, and the Republic of Genoa. But that be the entirety.

And France. Even if the situation is of such a dire matter as is decreed—which thou hath mine assurance, is an untrough—we ART England. We art set apart from those that dwell on the main-land by the English Channel. How, does thou expect, is this blight to find passage to our glorious nation? The breast stroke? Such a design thrustest me in to hysterics. To not be forgotten is the detail that we of the Isles are of heartier stock. Brave, strapping and robust—we are, after all, the peoples that envisioned that which is the crustless cucumber sandwiches.

Query: if the Blackie Death is of no outstanding mark, why do the fear-mongers continue to peddle their terrifying wares to the fair people of this nation? The trough is, my

countrymen, politics. The traditional English social order is eroding in our company. New, liberal idealists art sieging the values upon which our nation was constructed—women are demanding the right not to be battered with as holdings, scholars are forever endeavouring to undercut the Word of Our Most Righteous Lord with their blasted "science." There art even those who now preacheth that it is somehow perverse to exact the most severe capital punishment on a nine-year old for purloining a fresh, ripe apple from the Merchant's Square.

England is becoming a secular nation run by rogues and pedlars. Thou would find wysdom in this query: when did we last do justice to our bred duty to enslave, enlighten and enslave those whom art not of mind to follow the reign of Our Most Blessed and Merciful Lord? It hath been years, loyal friends.

But, rather than devote themselves to these and other pressing worments, our nobles, and the media harlots what serve them on bended knee, use fright and dread to distract the populace from these domestic happenings. They do pray that we as a people will be gripped too tightly within the clawed grasp of panic to mark that our once-proud traditions art collapsing before our eyes.

Take heed: we musn't not let this ruse fool us, good company. This Blackie Death industry is nothing in which to take pause.

Methinks that the volumes of history will bear witness to mine exactitude on such detail as this.

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SPIZZORTS

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Getaway sports writer aims to master Bates

RITA COLON
Master Dater

Third-year basketball Bear Richard Bates brought his best game with him on our Saturday date, hoping to rise to the level of past high-scorers, citing Mike Melynychuk as an inspiration.

After Dean Whalen had backed out of his commitment citing a girlfriend-induced lower body injury, Bates stepped up and made several gutsy plays, saving face for his team. He proved comfortable on the unfamiliar court of West Edmonton Mall, playing hard despite not having his regular fan base there to cheer him on.

Bates credited his good performance to head coach Don Horwood, who's training regimen and leadership influenced his game.

"I hear Horwood's voice wherever I go. No matter what I do, I ask myself what he would think of it," Bates said. "My conscience speaks in Coach's voice."

Bates had clearly been practicing hard with his team, and it was also obvious that his own intense personal workouts were paying off as well.

Coming off the bench cold, Bates had a shaky start as he immediately went to his cell phone, ignoring the game at hand. He realized his mistake quickly, however, and turned up the hustle to try to increase the score.

The major action in the first half came at Build-A-Bear, where Bates showed the diversity he's added to his game, his soft hands in particular. He took the lead, but managed to get others involved, passing well and asking for input on plays.

"The 'Li'l Caramel' bear is nice," Bates said. "But you pick your favourite."

Bates was willing to make the big sacrifices for the sake of greater glory, putting his pride on the line by stepping up at the teddy-bear "stuff me" station. He rubbed the little bear's heart against his head for smarts, his cheek for smiles, his heart for love, and then twirled around twice to mix it all together before carefully positioning it to the "centre left" of the animal's chest.

Bates showed skill at the fur-fluffing station as well, but really got the crowd excited when play moved to the teddy bear dressing room.



WANT TO TAKE THAT CHERRY AND RIP IT APART WITH YOUR MASSIVE THROBBING, BASKETBALL-SHAPED LOVE-TOOL, SIR? That's how Rita rolls. DIOC FEEBLE

At the break, Bates elaborated on his style as a player and talked about where he'd like his game to take him.

"I like athletic girls, ones who don't study too much," he said. "Also, I like them kinda young."

Bates came back strong after the break, clearly hoping that he'd be able to break the defense wide open over salads and a milkshake. He

made numerous offensive advances, but finding the right positioning proved to be harder than it seemed. Undiscouraged, he was aware just how much could potentially be riding on him if he performed well. With time running out, he made a huge move, running a hard line up the side of the court to attempt the shot from behind the hoop. He tried to do too many things at once, though,

got flustered, and was called for travelling.

The score was close throughout the night, and the game ended in a tie. Bates will next look to see action after the holidays, when he'll meet up with a 27-year-old that he recently stumbled upon at a bar.

"Not usually my type," he said. "But hey, I'll take it."

Getaway staff with comprehensive date analysis over Sunday night TV

RAUL BLOWEN
TOMMY HEINSON
MSN analysts

Owen - Master Crime Fighter, Like Shaq says: (12:02:30 AM)

Yay strippers on Six feet under
Chris O: Horseradish? A poor horse had to die for that. says: (12:03:07 AM)
Booya, that's the good shit
Owen says: (12:06:34 AM)

When are we writing this?
Chris O says: (12:08:21 AM)
Shit, we should just do this tonight.
I think Rico's gonna nail that stripper.
Owen says: (12:09:38 AM)

He won't, he's too big of a pussy.
Chris O says: (12:12:30 AM)
- who's the pussy now? he's a cold-ass pimp.
Chris O says: (12:22:21 AM)

Trailer Park Boys! Okay, so, main thoughts on the date
Owen says: (12:28:35 AM)

I thought that once they got over the pregame jitters and just went out to have some fun the play really opened up and began to flow, and that while Rita was clearly acting as player-coach, Bates was doing all the little things that make for a successful date, and that's really what you need from a bench guy.
Chris O says: (12:30:08 AM)

That's true, he played the bench role to a tee
Owen says: (12:31:17 AM)

He's got to be ready to play, answer the call when needed.

Chris O says: (12:30:28 AM)
Bates, typical to his style, needed a few mins to get himself into the game
Owen says: (12:32:17 AM)

Let's discuss Rita now. I think she was very un-Rita-like in her jitters
Chris O says: (12:39:25 AM)

Here it comes, golden TPB line
Chris O says: (12:39:51 AM)
Get ahead of your child ricky, you're a wack dad!

Chris O says: (12:50:12 AM)
Okay, Rita.
I think she was turned at a few different points: when he said he was into young chicks, when he answered the cell phone and when he said he had conservative political views.

Chris O says: (12:53:15 AM)
Kenny vs Spenny: who can kiss more women? This will be hilarious.
Owen says: (12:53:21 AM)

I agree about the cellphone, although, I think he made up for it the first time by making fun of the person on the other end. Also, Spenny's going to lose. He always does.
Chris O says: (12:58:05 AM)
Kenny's murdering him
Owen says: (12:58:16 AM)

How has he not gotten a pity kiss? He needs to start a kissing booth for cancer
Chris O says: (1:00:57 AM)

Wow, a girl likes Spenny
Chris O says: (1:01:40 AM)

More thoughts on the date? How were they in the bear place? Got a little more datey perhaps?

Owen says: (1:02:29 AM)
I'd say that they really opened up once they hit the build a bear place. They agreed on which bear to choose. It was good to see their cohesion.
Chris O says: (1:03:06 AM)

The basketball jersey with the red shorts was a good compromise
Owen says: (1:03:08 AM)

You really got to go out there with the mindset of a team in order to be successful. I was a little worried when they couldn't come to an agreement on the outfit.
Chris O says: (1:03:47 AM)

It took them a while, but they came to something they both agreed with.
Owen says: (1:06:06 AM)

Frankly I think they could have been a little more together during the bear part. I mean, they felt like a sixth-grade dance, with the girls on one side and the boys on the other. But you can't tell me sparks didn't fly when their fingers brushed in the little "pick-a-heart" bin.
Chris O says: (1:07:24 AM)

Oh my god. Spenny's getting a girlfriend.
Owen says: (1:07:54 AM)

Does he win if he gets sex?
Chris O says: (1:07:58 AM)

I think he should... oh god. Baaahhhahhhahha fucking brilliant move by Kenny.
Owen says: (1:12:02 AM)

Kenny's a genius.
Chris O says: (1:12:45 AM)

Either way, even if he didn't set it up, his legacy screws Spenny out of a girlfriend.

Owen says: (1:13:43 AM)
Okay, so let's move on to dinner/lunch.
Owen says: (1:14:52 AM)
Cheers to Bates for having the balls to inquire after a hot tub.
Chris O says: (1:15:15 AM)

Jeers to Rita for not asking the virginity question
Owen says: (1:15:22 AM)

But his introduction of the "brick-sex scenario" was a little too deep to discuss over Chicken Caesar and med-bread, and I felt Rita was a little timid with her questions. She just seemed to lack focus. We all know what Bates was after, but what was Rita in for?
Chris O says: (1:17:52 AM)

That's the girl's thing, though, you never know what the girls want.
Owen says: (1:18:09 AM)

Oh fuck this is hilarious.
Chris O says: (1:18:52 AM)
Did he flip her off? Oh my god, this is bad.
Owen says: (1:19:27 AM)

That's destruction.
Owen says: (1:19:36 AM)

He shouldn't have to do humiliation.
Chris O says: (1:23:41 AM)

I want to e-mail them and have him pursue the girl. She was hot. Man, that was painful to watch. I'm done man, I don't have any more writing in me tonight. Let's meet up tomorrow and finish this thing off. If you can't make it, I'll just come up with some lame-ass shit to throw together.
Owen says: (1:36:01 AM)
Deal.

Coach a picky shopper, who likes his phallic veggies with a curve

DISCO DIRK
Prunk in cublic

On the court, he's a complex man with strategies that are layered and riddled with options. Off the court, and in the produce section, his needs are simple, but exact.

"I like my Cuc's [English cucumbers] with a bit of a curve to them," Don Horwood said, as he made his way through a local grocery store. The 23-year Golden Bears basketball coach has become a master of the aisles of Edmonton's supermarkets, and his experience came shining through when the Getaway caught up with him recently as he made a rare trip to the market without his wife.

"It was at this point that I said to my buddy Doug, 'woah woah woah. That's the Meth talking, and you know it. Now put down the shovel. You can't dig up water.'"

CHARLIE GUSTAPHSON

In an effort to play the consummate host over the holidays, Horwood grew selective when he reached the condiments aisle.

"You've got to have Dijon mustard, not the regular kind," he said, as his Carboner, Newfoundland's accent became more prevalent. It was here, when he almost took some horseradish, that he showed a more compassionate, pro-animal side.



RAT TRAINER

IF IT'S BRAND NAME, SEND IT BACK Bet you thought you'd never see this guy in this place, did you? Don Horwood puts his pants on one leg at a time, people.

"What's this? Horseradish? I don't want that. A poor old horse died to make that," he said, putting the bottle back on the shelf.

In the absence of his wife, who Horwood claims makes him spend too much and buy too healthy, he proceeded to pick up the white bread and add it to his cart.

"My wife wants me to eat the multi-grain, but when she's not around I take the white bread. There's nothing good

in the white bread, and that's what I like about it."

While by himself, Horwood knew better than to try and bring home the generic products that potentially could save him money.

"When I'm shopping with my wife, it's always name brand. She won't buy anything generic. If it doesn't cost a lot, she doesn't want it. If I bring home something generic, look out. 'You got the wrong stuff, bring it back!' he

said, in a high-pitched voice, that the Getaway can only assume was an imitation of Mrs Horwood.

It was in the grocery store's canned vegetable aisle that Horwood stumbled across the last thing he expected to find while shopping that day: a prized recruit.

"[The Jolly Green Giant] would be a very good centre. He's a big guy who could fill up the paint," Horwood noted. "Although, we could just get

Murray Cunningham and paint him that colour—hey Stovetop! The best part of the turkey. Just don't tell your wife that."

Lastly, Horwood gave away a hint of how he'd spend his holidays. He grabbed a bottle of Diet Coke, not as a health-conscious choice, but instead as an ingredient for a better drink.

"You've got to have the Diet Coke, because it goes really good with the [Newfoundland] Screech."

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I gaze into YOU. For a C-level star, you really know how to get a
girl's circular saw going. What time is it? It's fucking Tool Time!



MAN GRIZIN

SUCK MY HURRICANE-WRATH, BITCHES Several will die, thousands will be homeless but there can only be one winner.

Hurricane season over; playoffs set to begin

Getaway experts make their picks on the most devastating storms of 2005

MADAM BEAUMONT
Long John addict

Atlantic Conference:

- (1) Wilma vs (8) TS Beta
- (2) Rita vs (7) TS Epsilon
- (3) Katrina vs (6) Arlene
- (4) Irene vs (5) Dennis

(MADAM) A lot of people are saying
that the Storm Cup will really be won
in the Atlantic conference. This con-
ference is much stronger from top to
bottom than its Pacific counterpart.

(POL): No surprise here, as Wilma
walks away with top spot. She was the
strongest hurricane in Atlantic history,
and this already has some talking half
of fame.

(DIRK): Well, Wilma was the top
hurricane all season, with winds
reaching speeds of up to 175 miles per
hour down the home stretch. She has
to be the heavy favourite to win the
Storm Cup.

(MADAM): Hurricane Rita is no
slouch, either. A category-five storm,
she was second only to Wilma in
overall strength this season, and the
strongest ever to hit the Gulf of
Mexico. Look for Rita to go deep into
the playoffs.

(DIRK): Let's not forget about Katrina,
guys. Should she make it to the final,
she'll have home-city advantage, as
it's being held in the Superdome this
year. And who can forget earlier this
season, when she single-handedly laid
waste to the entire city?

(MADAM): You're right there, Dirk.
Katrina should handle Epsilon.
Fate has not been friendly to Greek-

and Roman-named teams in the past,
either: they're a combined III-LXIII
all-time on the road.

(POL): Also, although Katrina
might have severely damaged New
Orleans, the main reason that city lost
was because its levee broke. It was a
cheap victory, and this has to tarnish
Katrina's record a little bit.

(DIRK): Let's talk about the last two
teams, Beta and Epsilon. This was a
huge upset to say the least.

(POL): I don't think anyone saw this
coming. After all, Beta and Epsilon are
just tropical storms! They definitely
defied the odds here, sneaking into
the final two playoff spots, and are
red-hot at just the right time.

(MADAM): Yes, Beta and Epsilon
are a strong one-two Tropical Punch
... with a hint of mango flavour in
there too.

(POL): A lot of storms had their eye
on this year. I know I've had a flood of
emails recently asking 'Ophelia, what
went wrong?' Clearly, she'll have to
band together over the off-season in
order to rebound for next season.

Pacific Conference:

- (1) Adrian vs (8) Dora
- (2) Calvin vs (7) Zelda
- (3) Eugene vs (6) Norma
- (4) Max vs (5) Hilary

(DIRK): The Pacific Conference looks
to be more of a consolation final than
anything else, with few contenders and
a lot of pretenders. I mean seriously,
Dora? Norma? Who are these people?

(MADAM): Some fans have even
taken to calling this the Pacific

Conference, with only a few of its
hurricanes cracking the class five mark
on the Hurricane Scale during the '05
season.

(POL): The heavy favourite in
this conference is Adrian. Although
she got off to a Rocky start, she has
really honed her game throughout
the season, and is in fine form for the
playoffs. Adrian!

(MADAM): One possible upset in
this conference could be Zelda over
Calvin. The seventh-seated Zelda had
a strong run to finish the season,
with a heroic performance from its
star player Link. Link was able to cap-
ture both the white sword and magic
sword scoring titles during the regular
season, bagging no less than twelve
heart containers in the process.

(DIRK): Calvin, on the other hand,
was mired in Central America for most
of the season, never really getting far-
ther north than Guatemala. His game
was rattled by his nemesis Susie,
who continually stuck her tongue out
at him and told on him. Other off-
water distractions such as toboggan-
ing, pretending to be Spaceman Spiff
and building offensive snowmen have
also dogged the young star through-
out the season.

(MADAM): Well no matter who
you're cheering for, this season's play-
offs should whet your appetite. The
new sudden-death overtime structure
will really capture the fans too.

(DIRK): Yeah, sudden-death is
always exciting for the fans.

(MADAM): No, I mean the fans will
die. These are class-five hurricanes
we're talking about here.



PLEASE, HAMMER, DON'T HURT 'EM Hammers are everywhere and they hurt a lot. Get the fuck down, bitches!

Hammer giveaway 'seemed like a good idea'

GREG KOCANOKUS

On location in Flux

A corporate giveaway went tragically wrong today at the Multiversity of Centennial Alberta, when representatives of the Hardware Is Us hurled hammers into a capacity crowd at a Pandas volleyball match.

Scores of fans were injured and three were killed, when Hardware Is Us employees, who were accompanied by the Multiversity's mascot, used a high-powered sledge tool to fire the tools into the crowd. Miraculously and inexplicably, those hurt continued to go after the hammers after being attended to by Multiversity health officials.

"I really need a hammer," said Jim, an out of work carpenter. "I showed up for work shit-faced one day, and my foreman fired me on the spot. The first thing they do to a carpenter when they fire him is take his hammer on him. It's like when cops get fired and have their guns

confiscated."

Jim claimed he was about to catch one of the hotly contested tools, when the weight of the group of people behind him pushed him forward, resulting in the hammer catching him in the face, which shattered his cheekbone and cost him a couple of his front teeth. He cut his interview short for the third round of the hammer giveaway.

Representatives of Hardware Is Us would neither confirm nor deny authorizing the hammer giveaway.

"Well ... how has it gone? Was anyone hurt?" enquired a high-ranking official who spoke under the condition of anonymity. Upon confirmation of three deaths, the official lunged up, but not before claiming he was a truck driver for Hardware Is Us, and nothing more.

For the Multiversity students, the chance to get a new hammer was worth the risk of serious injury or even death.

"I think everyone could use a

hammer," said Brenda, a third-year Arts major. "University students build a lot of stuff, and hammers have a lot of other uses too. You can take stuff apart with them, they're good for opening beers and you can threaten your enemies with them. They're also good for wandering off burglars. Why wouldn't you want a hammer?"

Not all involved thought the hammer giveaway was a good idea, however.

"Who the fuck would sanction this? My best friend got hit in the head by a hammer, fell over the bleachers and cracked his skull open," lamented an emotional observer. "Then the mascot stood over his twitching body and did a victory dance. This isn't over. The lawsuits won't bring my friend out of his vegetative coma, but Hardware Is Us is a massive corporation. We're talking like hundreds of millions here. I'm going to make sure my Mercedes is one he would have liked to drive in."

In total, Hardware Is Us gave away 200 hammers.

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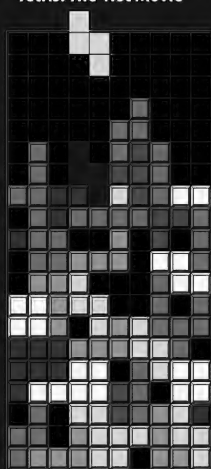
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IPSO FACTO BOX

Compiled by David Brent

A workplace Utopia

You all know I like to create a very relaxed, laidback attitude in the workplace. Everyday someone comes up to me and says, "Oh David, you're the best boss ever, and you're so funny! I love how we can just be ourselves because of the atmosphere you create here." There are times when I am in the time and place for jokes and pranks, and then it is the time for work, because professionalism is ... and that's what I want to see. Just the other day I was working out some new possible questions for The Quiz, because I don't want Gareth to be the quizmaster again; what a disaster that was.

Bad habits

Did you know that the last NASCAR driver to serve jail time for running moonshine was Buddy Arrington? Drunkard! I mean, I like to go out with Finchey and have a few too many, to let el vino flow as they say, but to sell the stuff is just wrong. We really need to think about the children and the Africans in a situation like this. You're out there selling alcohol, and the Africans don't even have fresh water.

Racism

Did you know Bill Russell was the first black head coach of a major American pro sports team? Danny over there was the first black person to work in this office weren't you Danny? No? Oh must have been the other one, right? The other what? Racial.

Sexism

How about that Ellen MacArthur once had a total of 891 naps in 94 days while racing her yacht in the Vendeur Round the Globe race? If Finchey were here, he'd say that it's just like a woman to sleep on the job, and fixate on shagging bikies, but I wouldn't say that ... that's sexist.

Inappropriate

Ah, here's a good one: badminton originates from an Indian sport called poona. Poona? That sounds like ... well, you can tell what that sounds like. It sounds like something our secretary, Dawn, has given to every guy in the office that's what that sounds like. Oh, inappropriate. Pitcher Darold Knowles once pitched all seven games of one World Series. Who names their son Darold? Did his parents just wake up one morning and decide, "Oh, let's have ourselves a son

and call him the most obnoxious thing imaginable. And hopefully he has a freakish rubber arm and can throw a little ball for days at a time without rest," you know?

Song time

In 2002, Tawny Kitaen was arrested for assaulting her then husband, Cleveland Indians pitcher Chuck Finley. Hold on, I think I have a song that fits this perfectly: "She's the serpent ... who guards the gates of hell." It's really a shame, because she was quite a piece in those Whitesnake videos in the '80s, you know? She seems like the type who would give out a little free love on the free love freeway if you know what I'm saying.

See, those are some great questions. Funny and educational, which is really what I'm trying to get over here. That and equality. Coloured or white, man or woman, dwarf or giant, it doesn't matter. You know some people might look at a handicap and think, "oh, you're not physically able" and I look at them and say well "you may not be physically able, but at least you're mentally able" you know? Except for the wheelchair ones. They're hard to tell with. But if you're in a wheelchair, and you are in fact mentally able, we can certainly find a place for you at the paper merchant. Like I said, before, we're all equals, aren't we?

SOCIAL REJECTS

Pruse on the Loose



Hot-trick Boss



Blowé Fellatio



Raging Cockstab and Hot Lil' Balls



AMAN-DUH FLASH
Chief Retard-Wrangler

Hairflips wig-out over worldwide tour

The Hairflips
with Texas and Foregone Conclusion
Friday, 9 December at 8pm
Revol Place

DYKE RISTOCKED
Inappropriate.

The Hairflips. The name rouses thoughts of ascots and three-piece suits, wool trousers and sock-garters, and the mod hairstyles of what some critics have called Montréal's—and perhaps even Canada's—most photographed band.

Their future was uncertain as of last summer, to be sure, having lost their drummer and bassist to a freak accident involving hairspray and crimping iron, but true to the enduring spirit that has piloted the band through thick and thin, things seem to be looking up for the French-Canadian seven-piece ensemble. After recruiting replacement drummer Douglas St Newblains from indie-group Ampliphire, and attracting bassist Andrea Manz from fellow hit-makers Cuntpuncher, the band is back together and has recorded a new album.

"It's true, the band has been through its highs and lows," says Hairflips frontman and Harpsichord player Joseph Belchee. "But we think this version of the band is really the strongest one so far—the other guys, they were nice and all, but they just weren't working out. Our fans are really going to love this album, though, and we're really excited to be bringing it to Edmonton. Other cities think they know how to rock, but nobody can rock like—uh—Calgary."

Over the past ten years, The Hairflips have indeed learned a thing or two about who can rock, and with the upcoming release of their latest album, *All Static, No Gel*, the band hopes to continue the near non-stop touring that has defined the band since their debut release, *Meet The Hairflips*, back in the summer of 1994. Playing



TOO COOL FOR SCHOOL The Hairflips dropped out of school to record their demo EP, *Tangled!*

over 200 dates across the globe is no easy task, but The Hairflips admit to having a couple secrets behind their marathon endurance.

"It's our haircuts, actually," admits Belchee, reluctantly. "They're actually where we got our band name from. Back in the early '90s, me and [French horn player] Adrienne Lepetomane were playing in a band called Wee The People. We were forced to play a few dates without any of our [hair] product, and it just messed us up. We were missing our cues, wrong notes everywhere—it was chaos. After that, we knew our hairstyles really needed to come before anything else, because really, if people don't see how much effort we're putting into them, what's the point of all the rest?"

The "rest," though, is what has made the band the veritable hit-machine that it is today. Boasting ownership to such chart-toppers as "I'm more than a body (check out my hair)" and "I love you

(because I have to)," it's no wonder the band is still putting out critical new material long after their best-of release in 2000, *The Hair-Down There*.

But the fame and fortune that has come along with rock success hasn't gone to the heads of The Hairflips just yet. Even though the members of the band that originated in the basement of a bachelor condo have upgraded to bungalows and moderately priced sedans, they still know what is most important.

"Really, it's all about the fans," responds Belchee, thoughtfully. "Well, that's not entirely true. I guess I would have to say that it's really all about the music—yeah, definitely the music. You know, our label and producers are always trying to get us to change our sound to satisfy 'the man,' but we tell them that we make our music for the people, because for us, it's all about our fans. And the music."

Arcade fire at Red's brings down the house

SHAVED CHERRY
Immortal Stallion Queen God II

Soul-stirring music and life-altering tragedy were both on hand last night as a horrific fire ripped through the arcade at popular West Edmonton Mall venue Red's while renowned Montréal indie-rockers The Arcade Fire filled the stage with orchestral pop melodies. Seventy three people died and another 214 were injured, including several members of the band itself, at what many hailed as the purest, most awe-inspiring concert to come through Edmonton in recent memory.

The band started the set with a crashing, bombastic version of crowd favourite "Wake Up." The band transitioned to a thunderous version of "Neighbourhood #1 (Tunnels)," when a drunken connoisseur returning from the washroom tripped over a box of paper towels and spilled what remained of his Sleeman's Honey Brown on the aging Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom pinball machine. The resultant sparks ignited the box of paper towels, which served as kindling for the soon-to-be raging inferno. Though the individual immediately ran for help, by the time he returned with a doorman, the fire had spread across the carpet and was too large for the two men to contain.

Matters were made worse when panicked screams of "Arcade Fire! Arcade Fire!" were quickly taken up as a rhythmic chant by the crowd, which seemed to further energize an already electric rendition of "Neighbourhood #2 (Laika)." The crowd became more entranced with the heart-busting intensity on display, and mistook the increasing clouds of smoke for atmospheric fog effects when the group slowed down for emotional numbers "Une Année Sans Lumière" and "In the Back Seat."

Anguished screams of inexcusable pain could be heard from the back as flesh melted from bone, all the while mixed with orgasmic howls of



ARCADE FIRE! Red's was filled with flames and irony as it burned to the ground Monday night.

ecstasy from the front when the band broke into the smash single "Rebellion (Lies)." The crowd was nearly blown off its feet as the group segued effortlessly into "Neighbourhood #3 (Power Out)" just as an electrical failure caused all the lights in the building to go dark.

The sound of a ringing alarm bell was, unfortunately, integrated perfectly with a guts-out cover of David Bowie's "Queen Bitch." The sound was entirely drowned out, however, when the crowd began rhythmically clapping and foot-stomping during an almost-accapella version of "Haiti," a move that was directly helped by the dull, crushing thrud of white loafers pounding towards the exits as fans at the back of the venue finally began to realize what was happening.

Most of the remaining fans were evacuated before the band could finish their set, though the members who weren't suffering from severe

smoke inhalation treated the huddled, broken masses with an impromptu encore performance, including "Neighbourhood #4 (Kettles)," and a cover of "This Must be the Place" by The Talking Heads, using nothing but the one guitar lead singer Winn Butler managed to save from the fire, and the side of a fire truck for percussion. All who witnessed the spontaneous event who weren't mourning departed friends or being treated for second-degree burns agreed the moment was sublime.

A spokesperson for the band expressed sadness over the events that transpired, and gave condolences to all those who had a loved one die at the landmark, life-changing concert. He also added that, as a small means of compensation, the band would be providing the families of those who perished with autographed, limited-edition copies of their smash LP, *Funeral*.

World's worst mixtape or a nostalgic trip back to junior high school dances?



The mixtape contest has come to a close, and thanks to your seething hatred towards David Berry, he will have the lucky honour of wandering around campus with a boombox playing all 20 of these shitty songs. Did we mention the sub-zero temperature?

David Berry will commence his trip from SUB and slowly work his way across the campus. It will happen at 1:30pm on 7 December, the last day of school.

Remember to bring your camera so you can capture the frozen tears of David Berry.



1. Goodbye Earl - The Dixie Chicks
2. My Humps - Black Eyed Peas
3. Lucky - Britney Spears
4. WILDZ - Will Smith
5. Hammer Dance - Hampton & The Hamsters
6. Macarena - Los Del Rio
7. I Wanna Sex You Up - Color Me Badd
8. Always Be My Baby - Mariah Carey
9. Sometimes When We Touch - Barry Manilow
10. The Thong Song - Snoop
11. My Last Name - Derek Bentley
12. Have You Forgotten - D. Worley
13. Who Let the Dogs Out - Shaggy
14. Tub Thumper - Chumbawamba
15. We Like to Party - Vengaboys
16. My Heart Will Go On - Celine Dion
17. Buller - Limp Bizkit
18. www.nevergetoveryou.com - Prozac
19. Cotton Eyed Joe - Rodden
20. Rico Suave - Gerardo



CAT TRAINER

PAYING TO SEE PUSSY Smith's take on the Tennessee Williams classic is thought to be the first all-cat production.

Pussy on display at Studio Theatre

Upcoming production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* daringly features all-feline cast

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

Written by Tennessee Williams
Directed by Pete Smith
Starring Ms. Whiskerson-Larue, Stray Cat #2 and Stray Cat #14
#12-23 December at 9pm
Prevention Place

GAY TYSON
Other Bestest PAL

Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, a story of mendacity and sexuality, may have ruffled some feathers when it debuted in 1955, but few would have thought that the play would still be the subject of controversy 50 years later.

In a move that fans have called unorthodox and critics inhumane, Studio Theatre has decided to produce Tennessee Williams' play with an all-feline cast. The inspired idea came to director Pete Smith when he realized that the vast majority of drama students lacked the fine subtly and innate grace found only in cats.

The initial idea was great in principle, however Smith soon found that the cats didn't respond well to commands, nor did even a single cat cast in the production appear to have any theatrical training. The solution was simple: turn the cats into marionette puppets.

"The name of the play has the word 'cat' in it, so it just seems completely appropriate for cats to star in this play," he says. "It'll be like a marionette that's alive. We're gonna make them walk like real people and

dance with all these strings we tied to their limbs. We've even gone so far to tie tiny little threads on their facial muscles and eyelids to make them cry and emote the shit out of them. It's going to be inspiring, to say the least."

Smith's own cat, Ms. Whiskerson-Larue stars as Big Momma, with Stray Cat #2 as the rough and tumble hero Brick and Stray Cat #14 taking the role of Big Daddy. Smith says it wasn't hard to find enough cats for the dozen or so characters, and found that the city's lack of a proper animal pound made it easy for him to find cats to play every role.

tied up like that in his little costume, I think I might need to bring in Stray Cat #15 as an understudy. You know, just in case."

Smith is hoping that the chemistry between the cats will prove to be tremendous, especially considering that he has been spending months teaching the felines how to meow with a Southern drawl. Successfully pulled off, such a production would be a spectacular showing, and while Smith concedes his version of the play will stay true to the spirit of Williams' most famous story, he also is hoping that feral nature of the cats will add a few surprises when the play makes its debut next week.

"If they're not coughing up hair-balls or licking their privates, they're fucking like crazy," says Smith. "I think *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* needs more sex, and every kind of it. Guy-on-girl, girl-on-girl, guy-on-guy—you name it, if the cats want to get it on, we'll just let out some slack on the strings."

"Fortunately, I've been able to keep Ms. Whiskerson-Larue out of harm's way, but she has been putting on weight lately..." Smith continues. "But whatever—if there's a live birth on stage, the show must go on, right? Besides, nothing guarantees a good review like sending a theatre critic home with a bundle of love that is a newborn kitten. It turns out it's really easy to string up a cat, too, so if they wanted to play with them at home, they could. I'm just certainly not raising four bastard kittens as my own!"

"Why does my sister get all the ripped men? It doesn't make any sense to me, but then again, my pants are exceptionally tight."

TIBOR PORABULA,
PRINCE OF BRUNEL

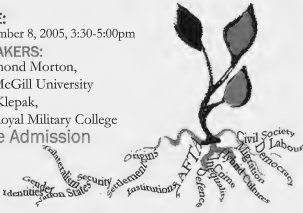
"Right now, we're on Stray Cat #14 for Big Daddy. Unfortunately, Stray Cats #3-13 didn't survive our three-month rehearsal, but that #14 is a trooper. He's come in on such short notice, and without even looking at the script, he took over the role with grace and confidence," Smith says. "Although now that I look at him, all



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Hal Klepak,
Royal Military College
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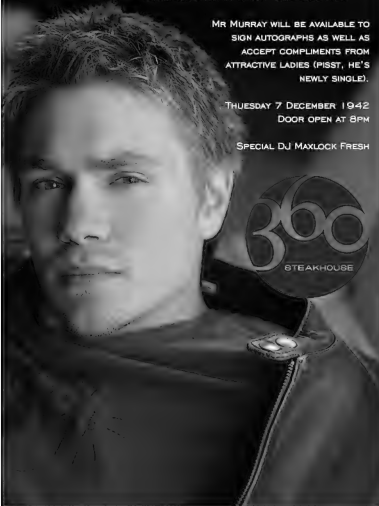


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TURNING UP THE RAD Local emo-core act Poignant Melancholy sang about feeling their feelings at the Buttrick Café.

Tetris drops fun, makes it fit just right

Tetris: The 1st Movie

Starring Tara Reid, Val Kilmer and Sir Anthony Hopkins
Directed by Uwe Boll
Now Playing

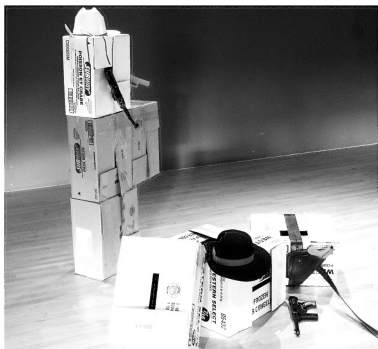
MAN GRAZER
Immortal Stallion King God IV (sorry Skip)

The term "raping one's childhood" is thrown around willy-nilly on the Internet, but I can't think of a better way to explain *Tetris: The 1st Movie*. It indeed rapes your childhood—but in a great way.

The latest from "director" Uwe Boll (*House of the Dead*, *Alone in the Dark*), *Tetris: The 1st Movie* takes the concept of Tetris and "re-imagines" it as a futuristic political thriller, with each tetrad taking part in some gratuitous violence, gratuitous nudity or both.

The story of *Tetris: The 1st Movie* is thus. In the future, an evil dictator takes over the earth, enslaving the human race. As part of his evil "plan," he uses bad science to turn all of his workers into blocks (or tetrads), and, to stop meetings of an underground resistance, when enough of the blocks come together in the same place at once they disappear from existence, with only the shocking sound of a cow being sodomized to mark that they ever existed. So small groups of insurgents must band together to stop the evil dictator while avoiding the large groups that would cause them to "go Tetris."

However, the hoity antiquated *Tetris* movie gets off to a rocky start, beginning with the special effects. About half way through the "story" there's a



slow-mo, bullet time sequence showing each tetrad falling in 3D. The sequence is a rip-off of the effects done in *The Matrix* more than six years ago, only they're done crappier. The scene takes almost ten minutes as each tetrad is spun around for more than a minute and a half. However, this is okay, because it's totally po-mo.

Also interspersed in the movie are shots from the Game Boy version of Tetris. Why those shots are in there is questionable, as they seem to have no relevance to the events of the movie, nor is the game version of Tetris referenced in any way other than the random blurry green and grey screen grabs. Again, okay because it's po-mo. However, *Tetris* quickly overcomes

its slow start, building in both the pace of the action and speed of the music as the story progresses. Director Uwe Boll makes use of this particularly by employing a techno club re-mix of the classic Russian Tetris music that runs over the credits. You know Da, na na na, da na na na, da na na na, dum na na na na na na. Only with hot techno beats.

However, the credits don't actually mark the end of the movie, as the movie was split into two pieces after shooting was done. In fact, the movie ends halfway through a line, halfway through a scene. The director said he was doing this to "make the movie more profitable." I sure know I'm ready for more!

Big fucking pillar at Red's just misunderstood

Incessant show-ruiner speaks out, claims it holds up the whole fuck'n building

The Pillar at Red's

with two hands you can almost see
Every single concert
Red's

SMALL SPINOFF
Rapscaillon, Gaddabout

If you've seen a concert at Red's you've seen "the pillar," a large column standing from floor to ceiling smack in the middle of the standing area in front of the stage. It's ruined shows for countless concertgoers, and for years it has existed as a solitary monstrosity, forcing show-attendees to ask why anyone would actually place a support beam in such a retarded spot. The Pillar has lived in silence of its opponents—that is, until now.

In responding to critic's claims that "it's the fucking way," the Pillar has chosen to defend its existence in an exclusive interview with the *Getaway*. Although internally it consists of metal and paint, the Pillar wants people to know that it has feelings too, which unlike its metallic skeleton, can be easily hurt.

"I'm a support structure, but nobody realizes that I do more than just bear structural loads," says the Pillar. "I also bear the weight of people's immense dislike of me. Shit, I can handle the roof, but when all those people are hatin', that load falls straight onto my heart. Sure, I put up a tough exterior, but I'm frickin' sensitive and crap."

"Focus on my bright side," adds the Pillar. "I'm a great place to meet friends if you get separated."

Considering that its very existence is the main complaint of Red's concertgoers, the Pillar is surprisingly adamant about remaining right where it is. "I'm fantastic to mosh around, or to



SMOKING POLE INDEED, the "Red's Pillar," as it has become known, is fuming mad that it is better known for ruining concerts than holding up a building.

get slammed into. [The staff of Red's] also need a place to put up 'No crowd surfing' and 'no camera' signs where people can see them. Some people say I'm ruin the experience, but to hell with them. I'm 100 per cent atmosphere."

One of several load-bearing structures in Red's concert scene, this Pillar had that unfortunate luck of being placed about halfway between the stage and the bar, blocking the vision of anyone unfortunate enough to end up behind it. Aggravated fans have uttered a range of unflattering obscenities, from a drunken "Down in front!" to a comparatively more frank, "Who the hell would put a fucking pillar in the middle of the fucking dance floor? That's really fucking stupid."

As the interview continued on, however, the recollection of night after

night of abuse took a noticeable toll on the Pillar's mood.

"Man, if I wasn't there, the fucking roof would fall in and kill fucking everybody," exclaims the Pillar, taking a drag on its cigarette. "Would you want that? Huh? Would you? I didn't think so. Punk bitch."

But despite such brutal accusations of show-ruining and general douchebaggery, the Pillar insists it's here to stay. "Really, I'd move if I could, but the truth is that I'm literally bolted to the ground. And ceiling," sighs the Pillar. "So, like it or not, I'm here until they burn Red's to the ground."

Editor's note: This article was written and the interview with the Pillar conducted before the *Getaway* learned of the tragic events that took place yesterday at Red's.

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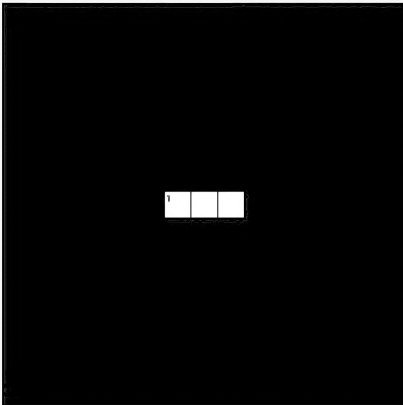


LIVE YOUR LIFE

Oh boy, Kendrick! Your little outfit makes all the gits wet. Also, my testicles swell to tennis ball-like proportions when I gaze into YOU. Anyway, look for this strapping stallion's sweaty tennis balls on campus to receive your free "present." Score: Love-Love.

THE WORD

The Cowword: compiled by Taurus the Bull. This is a retardedly easy aptitude test. If you can't get the answer, please consult your teacher for remedial education.



Across 1. Bovine

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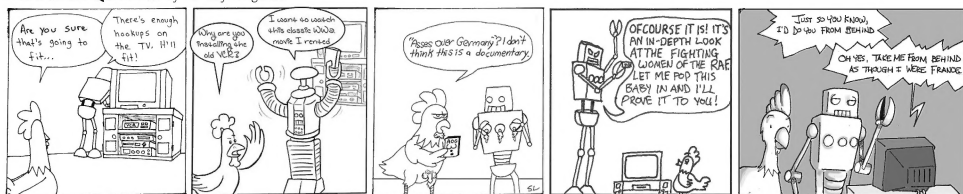
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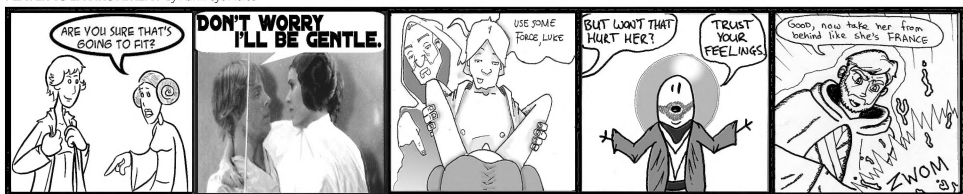
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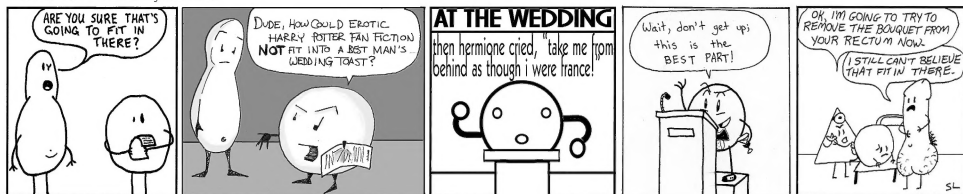
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